NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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PRINCESS TAKEITO.

This striking-looking figure is not that of a richly dressed idol, as one would at first sight suppose, but a princess, and one who will one day, if nothing occurs to prevent, be queen of one of the most important countries of the eastern world. She, in fact, holds almost the same position in the Land of the Rising Sun as our own Princess of Wales does in Great Britain, that of wife of the next heir to the throne, that is provided the present Mikado dies without a son. Princess Takeito is the daughter of Prince Ranga, whose family is one of the most powerful in Japan, several members of it having intermarried with the reigning dynasty. Her husband is the younger brother of Prince Arissougawa, Grand Marshal; ex-Regent of the empire and uncle of the Mikado. The Princess is about twenty-two years of age and is said to be a highly accomplished and cultivated woman, who speaks English perfectly, is fond of art and literature, and writes graceful and well turned verse. The portrait of which this is a copy was painted by a French nobleman, Count Ulric de Viel-Castel, who while in Japan was fortunate enough to become acquainted with the principal personages at the Mikado's court, and obtained permission to paint the portrait of the young Japanese Princess from life. The painting was hung, on his return, in the Paris Salon and attracted great attention. To the western eye the position is odd, though to the Oriental it is all that grace could demand; but notwithstanding that the abundant black hair is stiffly arranged, and the garments, to our idea, shapeless—the finely proportioned face, the soft almond eyes with their long dark lashes and finely arched brows, and the well shaped mouth all go to make a picture which no one would pass as uninteresting.

PRINCESS TAKEITO-ARISSOUGAWA-NO-MYA, WIFE OF THE FIRST PRINCE OF THE BLOOD AT THE MIKADO'S COURT.
From the Picture by Ulric de Viel-Castel in the Paris Salon of 1883.

A SOLILOQUY.

We happened to be sitting the other day in a pew beside a contribution-box, which had been deposited there after its Sabbath day's journey around the church. Among the coins in the box was a forlorn-looking penny, which seemed anxious to say something; *in fact*, we very soon imagined that it did say something like the following: "Well, here I am in the contribution-box, and am to be devoted to the cause of missions. It is true that I am only a penny, but what of that! I made as much noise when I fell into the box as that silver quarter over in the corner, and I'm pretty sure that the people who heard me gave me credit for being a good deal more valuable than I am, for I came from a well filled purse, and from a pocket which had the reputation in the community of being well lined with bank-notes. I was in that pocket some time before I was devoted to my present mission, and I was a good deal interested in witnessing the fate of some of my fellow-coins and bank-bills which were taken out before me. There was that crisp, pert, ten-dollar bill, which made all the other bills turn fairly green with envy, that had to go towards paying for that love of a bonnet which mistress wore to church to-day. And then there was that parcel of bills—fifty dollars, I believe—which my master handed over to his tailor. And there was that five-dollar bill which smelled so strongly of tobacco that we were glad to have it leave our quarters, that went to buy concert tickets for the family. The fingers were constantly picking away at the small coins and leaving them upon one counter and another. Now a quarter would be left at the first fruit-stand and now a ten-cent piece would be given to the newsdealer and another to the bootblack, and, will you believe it, I was in that purse only three weeks, and during that time nine dollars in quarters and other coins were left at the cigar-store on the corner! And so, in one way and another, I saw my companions taken away till a hundred dollars had gone. I expected to do my humble part in ministering to my owner's comfort by helping to pay for a horse-car ticket or a newspaper or a cigar, but he has generously sacrificed me to the interests of the heathen. I will rattle around with as much noise as possible to save his reputation for benevolence, and do my utmost to bring on the millennium." — *Golden Rule.*

HOW STRENGTH IS GIVEN.

BY W. H. CHILDS.

The first step toward securing divine strength is to fully realize our personal need of it. It is never given without asking, or even to him who asks it, unless he comes acknowledging his need of it. "Experience is the best teacher" is an adage well adapted to the seeker after a Christ-like life. Nothing can so clearly convince us of our need of divine strength as falls and failures consequent upon our efforts to live like Christ in our own strength. A young lady joined one of our Endeavor Societies, taking the model pledge, and so promised to take part at every meeting. She tried and tried again to muster up courage enough to open her lips and testify for her Master, but without success. She prepared herself carefully a number of times but at the last moment found her

strength was not sufficient for the ordeal. Finally she made up her mind that she could not honorably remain a member of the society and continue to fail in this plain duty. Every day for a week she earnestly and sincerely prayed to God for help, and at the next meeting she struggled to her feet and the contest was won. As she expressed it, "Right where my strength failed His came in and carried me through." With this experience she went on, not in her own strength but in God's strength, from verse to testimony and to frequent prayer. In less than one year from the time that her lips refused to open in her own strength, she without notes, delivered a ten minutes' address before a crowded convention of young people. This is a practical example not only of what our Endeavor methods, with God's help, can, but what they should, accomplish in the case of hundreds, yes thousands, of our members.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

PARENTS AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

(From paper by Rev. W. D. Armstrong in Presbyterian Review.)

Without discussing the Church's duty towards the children of ungodly parents or the feasibility of Christian parents keeping their children at home and instructing them there, let us ask: What is the duty of professing Christians who believe in the Sunday school and who send their children to the Sunday school? As the responsibility for the religious education of his children rests upon the parent he should look upon the Sunday school as a means devised for his help.

It will be clearly the duty of parents to provide the school liberally with every requisite for carrying on the work,—rooms, books, maps, helps, etc.

It will be his duty to look upon the teacher as his coadjutor and friend. Is it not much the truer view to regard the Sunday school teacher as aiding parents in the discharge of their duty rather than that the Sunday school teacher should take the first place and plead with parents for help?

It is evidently also the duty of parents to send their children regularly and punctually to Sunday school. The child should never be allowed to believe that it is a matter of option with him whether he shall go to Sunday school or not. The teacher should have this confidence when preparing his lesson that when the hour comes for the lesson he is morally certain to find the scholars in their places. The teacher comes to the Sunday school with loving heart, bringing the store of good things he has prepared for his scholars. It is painful and disheartening for him to find perhaps the very ones he desired most to benefit, absent. It cannot be the duty of the teacher either to "drum up" his scholars or draw them to the school by story-telling or other meretricious attractions. The parents should send them regularly and in good time: I am speaking of professedly Christian parents.

Again, is it not the duty of parents to see that their children are thoroughly prepared with their lessons when they go to Sunday school? If they are not prepared surely not much can be expected from the half hour given by the teacher in the Sunday school. I say "thoroughly prepared," because the Sunday school lesson is often very hastily learned, crammed a few minutes before the hour for school. If parents see that throughout the whole of the week the lesson is being learned, several excellent results will be attained. In the first place, there will be little danger of the boy or girl whose lessons are thoroughly prepared wanting to stay at home. In the second place, parents will be brought in daily contact with their children in the study of the Bible. The lesson will be wrought, too, into the very fibre of the child's mind and heart, and the teacher will be able to utilize his hour to the very best advantage.

Nor is all done when the Sunday school is over. When the children come home they will be glad to tell their parents what they have learned at school. The wise father or mother will not be slow to take advantage of such an opportunity to deepen the hallowed influence of the truth, of drawing out the child's heart towards themselves and deepening, it may be, his respect for his teacher.

PRACTICAL AND EXPERIMENTAL.

SCHOOL ACCOMMODATION AND EQUIPMENT.

Much attention has of late been given to improve our school and class accomodation. It is generally felt that the ordinary church pew is not convenient for a school class, and many congregations are providing separate apartments for the school, with numerous class-rooms.

The ordinary basements, however, are not to be commended. They are often dark and dismal places, with ceilings too low, the air damp and unwholesome. Undoubtedly the school and class-rooms should be above ground, not in the cellars. They should be lofty, with plenty of air and light.

The walls ought to be neatly tinted and decorated. It is essential for best results to have several class-rooms, not too small, a blackboard in each, and all furnished with chairs, not benches. These chairs should be of various heights to accommodate all grades in the school, say, 6 inches, 10 inches and 14 inches; not all 18 inches, as is generally the case. Motion songs and exercises are helpful in primary classes, but if the little ones have to climb up and down they cannot respond with promptness. The seats should be so suitable and so well arranged that teachers would not be required to help little children on and off them.

Each teacher should also have a table or stand on which to place her books and illustrative apparatus. A very convenient article of furniture for this purpose is a pedestal, a foot square, 2 feet, 10 inches high, with a door on one side to a receptacle, in which are three shelves, the top being about 16 inches square. This stand may have a lock and key to keep hymn books, a spare Bible or two, maps, and objects that the teacher desires to use from time to time.

Habit has made school authorities careless in recognizing the need for many possible conveniences and improvements in their school accommodation.

Recently the writer attended a school which met in a spacious basement, as far as area is concerned, at 3 p. m. Before the services began the gas was lighted, or at an evening meeting, giving to all in the place, the idea of the darkness of a mine.

Do, dear friends, when building churches, consider the need of the Sabbath school; and if you cannot afford to provide class and school-rooms, try the chairs, instead of the fixed pews, with proper teachers' stands at regular intervals. Separate open seats are more comfortable in summer, and decidely warmer in winter, allowing as they do, the heat to circulate freely and to reach the floor. Surely where chairs can be used in a church for 1,500 scholars, in rural places they would be found of immense convenience, as well as cheaper than the ordinary pew. With chairs classes can be arranged to better advantage, the seats of proper height be set in position for the smaller children. But no time should be lost in providing this class with a separate room.

In the use of the lesson helps it should be required of teachers and scholars alike to memorize the portions indicated for each grade.

In the school proper there should also be maps of the world, Bible lands, mission fields, home and foreign, especially of those mission stations assisted by the school.

Other objects and apparatus, illustrative of eastern modes, manners, and customs may profitably be added from time to time in connection with our International Series of Lessons. These, thanks to the uniform lesson system, can be had now-a-days at a reasonable price.

A CHINESE DINNER.

The following is from a private letter from an earnest Christian, the youngest son of Rev. Dr. Thwing, of Brooklyn:—

I must tell you about a Chinese dinner I attempted the other day. Two young men and myself had heard of the opening of a new Chinese hotel, and we concluded to go and see what it was like. The building was somewhat after the English fashion, but more elaborate than anything of the kind Canton has ever had. It was swarming with Chinamen who had come to the grand opening. We looked it over and then went to the top, where were some attractively furnished rooms with black furniture inlaid with pearl. There was an old piano full of the most exquisite discords. As to the dinner, we did not attempt the regular meal, consisting of dainties in forty courses, but only tried a few of the more presentable articles: tea, water-melon seeds, oranges, duck, curry, stringed cocoanut, mutton, rice, vegetables, and bean cake. The dishes we did not indulge in were dried meats of all kinds, salted duck's eggs, bird's nest gelatine, bean curd, shark's fins, pickles, soy, blood, dog stew, rat-pie, and roast pussy-cat. In the market you see many cages with nice little cats for sale, and rows of cups full of fresh, red blood.

I long to be in the missionary work, and think of spending a year or two among the country villages, selling Bibles and tracts, and getting hold of the language which I cannot study from books. As soon as I am perfectly well I can go on with my medical studies.

Canton, Dec. 7, 1887.

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Please work out this problem and think it over:—

In the city of Oakland, there are 200 saloons If every saloonist sells 40 drams a day, how many drams are drunk daily?

A teetotaller and a whiskey drinker started on a journey each with his own horse and buggy. The distance was 700 miles. The horses each travelled at the rate of 5 miles an hour. The teetotaller made the journey in 20 days. The drinker stopped three times a day at the saloons on the way for his dram, losing on an average 15 minutes every time. How many days did it take him to make the journey?

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—MAY 20.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.—MATT. 26: 36-38.

COMMIT VERSES 36-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.—Heb. 5: 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ bore our griefs, but was victorious through the prayer of faith.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 26: 31-46.
T. Mark 14: 32-42.
W. Luke 22: 39-46.
Th. Isa. 63: 1-16.
F. Ps. 116: 1-19.
Sa. Ps. 130: 1-8.
Su. Ps. 55: 1-23.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, from midnight till about one o'clock Friday morning. Immediately after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Gethsemane (*oil press*), an enclosed garden or orchard near the foot of Mt. Olivet, three-fourths of a mile from the wall of Jerusalem. It probably belonged to one of Jesus' friends, and was a customary place of resort for him (John 18: 2).

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 14: 32-42; Luke 22: 39-46; John 18: 1.

INTRODUCTION.—At the close of the supper, after his farewell words to his disciples, Jesus and the eleven leave the upper room and the city about midnight, in the full moon, and go to his accustomed place of retirement in Gethsemane.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

30. *Then cometh Jesus:* from the upper room in Jerusalem. *With them:* the eleven; Judas was away plotting his betrayal. *Sit ye here:* Eight of them near the garden gate, as an outer guard. 37. *Sons of Zebedee:* James and John. These with Peter went further within, as an inner guard. *Very heavy:* Sore troubled, burdened almost beyond human endurance. The whole of his trial came on him at once—in one view. He was burdened with the sins of the world. He saw and felt the power and evil of sin. 39. *If it be possible:* if it could be, and yet men be saved, and Christ's work be accomplished. *This cup:* the agony of the cross, and the weight of our sin, which was like a cup full of bitter medicine to drink. *Not as I will:* He prayed that God's will be done. This prayer was answered. (1) An angel was sent to strengthen him (Luke 22: 43). Strength was given to bear the burden. (2) He received a calm peace and closer communion with God. (3) The cross was made the means of victory. It became a crown. He was enabled to endure, and thus to redeem, countless multitudes of men, and to sit on the right hand of God in glory. 40. *Findeth them asleep:* it was late at night, after a hard and exciting day. 41. *Flesh is weak:* therefore watch and pray the more. 45. *Sleep on:* because he had passed through his agony, and there was no more need of watching for him. 46. *Rise:* just at this point he probably caught a glimpse of the torches of the betrayer and his accomplices. *Let us be going:* to meet them.

SUBJECT: THE AGONY OF SORROW, AND THE VICTORY BY PRAYER.

QUESTIONS.

1. GETHSEMANE SORROWS (vs. 36-38).—Where was Gethsemane? Describe it. Why did Jesus go there? (John 18: 1, 2). How many disciples went with him? How many were left on guard near the gate? Name the three he took with him into the garden. Where was Judas? (John 18: 3.)

What were the disciples to do? (vs. 38; Luke 22: 40.) Where did Jesus go? What three expressions are used to describe the agony of Jesus? (See also Luke 22: 44.) What showed the intensity of his sorrow? (Luke 22: 44.) What made him so exceedingly sorrowful? (Isa. 53: 4, 5.) In what sense was it on account of our sins?

II. THE PRAYER OF FAITH (vs. 39, 42, 44.)—What did Jesus do in his agony? What was his prayer?—Meaning of "this cup!" Why was it not possible for the cup to pass from him? What qualities of true prayer do you find in this prayer? What expression showed his faith? Why does real faith always prefer God's will to our own? How many times did he go away to pray? How long did this agony of prayer last?

III. THE ANSWER TO HIS PRAYER.—Was Jesus' prayer answered? (Heb 5: 7.) In what ways? (Luke 22: 43; 2 Cor. 12: 9; Phil. 2: 7-10.) Give an example from Paul's experience. (2 Cor. 12: 7-9.) Are many of our prayers answered in these ways? Could there be any better answer?

IV. THE SLEEPING GUARD (vs. 41, 43, 45, 46.)—Where were the disciples all this time? What were they doing? What two things should they have been doing? Were they to blame? (Luke 22: 45.) Why did Jesus call Peter by name? What does Jesus teach us by his gentle treatment of the sleeping guard? Why was there special need of watching and praying? Should these always go together? What took place at the close?

LESSON IX.—MAY 27.

PETER'S DENIAL.—Matt. 26: 67-75.

COMMIT VERSES 73-75.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Great is the sin and danger of denying our Lord.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 26: 45-66.
T. Matt. 26: 67-75.
W. Mark 14: 65-72.
Th. Luke 22: 56-63.
F. John 18: 15-27.
Sa. 1 Pet. 5: 1-10.
Su. 1 Cor. 10: 1-14.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

67. *Then:* after the preliminary trial was over, and the court were waiting for sunrise, before which time no judical sentence could be pronounced. *Buffeted:* struck with the fist. 68. *Prophesy unto us:* they first blindfolded him (Mark), and then asked him to prove that he was a prophet by revealing who it was that struck him. 69. *Peter sat without* (the court-room) *in the Palace:* in the court of the palace, out of which the court-room opened. 70. *I know not what thou sayest:* I know nothing about Jesus and his doings. 71. *The porch:* the entrance to the court from the street. 73. *Thy speech betrayeth thee:* the peculiarities of his speech showed that he was from Galilee, and not Jerusalem. 74. *Curse:* invoke a curse on himself, if he did not speak the truth. This profanity was probably a breaking out of an early habit. *The cock crew:* usually about three o'clock in the morning. 75. *Peter remembered:* what Jesus had foretold him a few hours before (vs. 34). At the same time Jesus looked through the opening from the court-room, and fixed his gaze on Peter (Luke 22: 61). *Wept bitterly:* his repentence was deep and thorough, and in time he was restored, and became one of the truest disciples.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Jesus and his disciples in our last lesson? In what other places is the story of to-day's lesson recorded? Have you read all these accounts?

SUBJECT: DENYING CHRIST.

I. CHRIST DENIED BY HIS ENEMIES (vs. 67, 68).—How did Judas deny Christ? Give an account of the betrayal and arrest. (vs. 47-56.) How did the Jewish leaders deny him? (vs. 59-66.) How was Jesus treated by the servants and soldiers? What did they mean by "prophesy?" (Compare Mark 14: 65.) What made them mock Jesus thus? How is Jesus mocked in these modern days?

II. CHRIST DENIED BY HIS FRIENDS (vs. 69-74.)—What did the disciples all do when Jesus was arrested? (v. 56.) Where did two of them go? (v. 69. John 18: 15, 16.) With what did several persons charge Peter? How many times did Peter deny Christ? What gradation do you notice in these denials? What could have led such a man to curse and swear? Are profanity and lying apt to go together? How did Peter's speech betray him? Show some of the steps which led Peter up to this crime. (1) v. 33; (2) vs. 40, 41; (3) vs. 58. What excuses do you find for Peter's conduct? Were they good excuses? Is there any danger of our falling into Peter's sin? (See Golden Text.)

III. REPENTANCE (vs. 74, 75.)—What reminded Peter of his sin? When had his failure been foretold? (vs. 33-35.) What else made him see the depth of his sin? (Luke 22: 61.) What did Peter do when he realized what he had done? *Is repentance always a bitter duty?* What showed that his repentance was sincere? What was the difference between his repentance and that of Judas? Did repentance take away the sin? Was Peter restored? (John 21: 15-17.) How did he prove the sincerity of his repentance? (Acts 4: 8, 12, 19.) How did he use it to help others? (Luke 22: 32; 1 Pet. 3: 15; 5: 6-10.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1888.)

1. Apr. 1.—The Marriage Feast.—Matt. 22: 1-14.
2. Apr. 8.—Christ's Last Warning.—Matt. 23: 27-39.
3. Apr. 15.—Christian Watchfulness.—Matt. 24: 42-51.
4. Apr. 22.—The Ten Virgins.—Matt. 25: 1-13.
5. Apr. 29.—The Talents.—Matt. 25: 14-30.
6. May 6.—The Judgment.—Matt. 25: 31-46.
7. May 13.—The Lord's Supper.—Matt. 26: 17-30.
8. May 20.—Jesus in Gethsemane.—Matt. 26: 36-46.
9. May 27.—Peter's Denial.—Matt. 26: 67-75.
10. June 3.—Jesus Crucified.—Matt. 27: 33: 50.
11. June 10.—Jesus Risen.—Matt. 28: 1-15.
12. June 17.—The Great Commission.—Matt. 28: 16-20.
13. Review. Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 1-13, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ECONOMY OF LABOR.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

Each woman should study the simplest and easiest ways of accomplishing her various duties, not to spare herself exertion through indolence, but to economize her powers for other efforts.

With due forethought then must the housewife set about the preparation of such articles of food as she selects for her own manufacture. One of the first steps is to get together everything she can possibly need for the work she has in hand. Time is wasted in running about in search of different utensils or ingredients after the process of mixing has begun. The success of the cooking is often risked by its having to wait. If cake is to be made, the butter and sugar should be weighed, the eggs counted, the flour measured. The spices, flavorings, baking-powder, etc., should stand near, as well as fruit, nuts, chocolate, cocoa-nut, or anything of the sort that is to be used. The two bowls for whipping the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, the bowl or dish for creaming the butter and sugar, the spoon for mixing, the egg-beater, the teaspoon for measuring, the flour-sifter, and the greased cake tins should all be ranged in order before a beginning is attempted.

It was once considered a sign of laziness if a woman sat down to her work. Later wisdom teaches that strength saved is strength earned, and recommends the worker to save her feet and her back by every means in her power. The housekeeper who does much in her kitchen should have a chair for her special service, higher than those in common use. Perched comfortably on this, with her feet on a footstool, she may beat eggs, stir cake, chop meat, and even knead bread. The product of her labor will be none the less worthy because she did not wear herself out in achieving it.

On the same principle, let her provide herself with all the labor-saving appliances she can procure. Nor should minor conveniences be overlooked: a wooden-handled iron spoon that will spare the fingers the close fatiguing grasp on the metal, a small paint-brush for greasing pans, a little scrubbing-brush for scouring potatoes for baking, a small sharp knife for cutting meat for salads and for shredding cabbage, larding and trussing needles, skewers large and small, a potato scoop for potatoes *a la Parisienne*, a potato slicer for Saratoga potatoes, and other implements that will readily suggest themselves.

In addition to those articles supposed to belong especially to the culinary department, there are others which have their place here as well. Many steps back and forth from the upper floor may be saved by keeping in the pantry a small workbox or basket. It should contain a couple of papers of large needles, a spool of *stout* cotton or linen thread, a celluloid thimble, a few rolls of tape, both narrow and wide, a ball of strong twine, and a pair of large scissors. There should also be a roll of cheese-cloth for fish-bags and strainers, a piece of stout cotton cloth that has been well shrunken for pudding or dumpling bags, and bands of the same for binding beef *a la mode*, galantines, etc. The outfit is not expensive, but it will give infinite comfort. And if the mistress follows the wise plan of washing all the dishes she soils in her mixing, it is judicious for her to keep a few dish-towels for her own especial service, with the understanding that they are for her use alone.

Practice in cookery and all connected with it is the only means of acquiring proficiency. The tyro will dirty twice as many bowls and cups as does the adept, and with no better result at the end of her toil. It will take time to enable the amateur to successfully imitate those professionals who cook an entire course dinner without sullying the immaculate whiteness of their aprons by a single spot. Until then, let her provide herself with gingham aprons of generous dimensions, buttoning around the skirts in the rear as well as about the waist, and furnished with a bib that will fasten at the back of the neck. It is said to be a poor cook who washes her fingers often while at work, but the beginner will find hers grow sticky often enough to keep her constantly travelling backward and forward between her mixing-table and the sink. To obviate this, let her set a tin wash-basin of warm water within reach, and near it either a clean roller or else a hand towel, which, like those she has for her dishes, shall be reserved for her own private use.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHLOE'S CARROT PUDDING.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

"Aunt Chloe," said Minnie Walters, going into the kitchen one morning, "Lura Deane is coming to spend the day with me to-morrow, won't you please have something real nice for dessert?"

"What would you like, honey? Some nice pies and custards, wid flaky crust dat will melt in de mouf?"

"No, that is what we had the last time she was here; they were splendid, but let us try to think of something new.'

"Well, honey, let's have a carrot puddin'."

"Oh, aunt Chloe, that won't be good; carrots are not good for anything but soup."

"Yes, you wait, honey, an' if you don't say it is next best to plum puddin', and a great deal prettier and wholesomer, den Chloe is no judge."

"Well," said Minnie, reluctantly, "it will be something new, at any rate."

"Yes, an' to-morrow when I am ready to mix all the ingridiments, you and Miss Lura can come out and see how it is done 'case you can't 'spect to allus have ole Chloe."

The next day, true to her promise, Chloe went to the parlor door to summon the young ladies to the kitchen.

"Now, dis yer bowl full of biled and mashed carrots, is de groundwork of de puddin'; see how fine an' dry an' yellow dey is."

"How much is there, Chloe?" said Lura, with pencil and paper in hand.

"Oh laws, honey, I don't pay no 'tention to dat. I jus' put in the ingridiments dat I know will make it right."

"But that won't do for us, aunt Chloe," said Minnie, "you know we have neither judgment nor experience like you."

Chloe was so pleased with this well deserved compliment that she went immediately to bring scales and weights.

"It is just one pound," said Minnie, as she removed the cloth containing the carrot from the scales.

"'Spect so," remarked the cook, nonchalantly; "I know it is a bowlful; dat's enough for me."

Down went the carrots on Lura's paper while Minnie weighed the other ingredients, and then gave the result: One pound of flour, half a pound of finely chopped suet, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of citron and a little salt.

"But, aunt Chloe, where are the milk and eggs? I never heard of a pudding without them."

"Dat's what makes it new and strange," remarked Chloe, significantly.

"Well, I never! why, Chloe, it won't be fit to eat," said Minnie, in a disappointed tone.

"Did you ever know ole Chloe to make anything not fit to eat?" inquired the cook, composedly.

"No, I never did," replied Minnie, brightening.

"Now, honey, see dis yer pan? Well, I pop all the ingridiments into it, and work them together like a loaf of bread. Now I scald dis yer puddin' cloth, and flour it, put in the carrot-puddin', tie it, and pop it in dis yer pot of bilin' water."

"How long must it boil, Chloe?" asked Lura.

"Till you have nearly done your dinner, honey, and de pot must never stop bilin'."

"Well, but I don't know how long to say," remarked Lura in dismay.

"It is now nearly eleven, and we dine at one," laughed Minnie, glancing at the clock, "so it will be a little over two hours."

"Yes, dat's about it," nodded aunt Chloe's turban.

"What kind of sauce do you make for it, Chloe?" inquired Lura.

"Any kind that comes handy, honey; to-day I am gwine to make de same as fer de rale plum puddin'. An' allus remember dat dis yer puddin' is jes' as good the nex' day and de nex', as de fust day, if you knows de right way to warm it over," remarked Chloe as the young ladies were about returning to the parlor.

"How is that?" said Lura, preparing to write it down.

"Jes' cut it in slices an' steam 'em, honey."

"Well, I do think Chloe is right," remarked Lura, when the pudding in all its golden splendor was discussed at the table; "she really never makes anything that is not splendid."—*Exchange.*

SOME NOTIONS FOR MOTHERS.

BY ROSAMOND E.

"Well, I just did not enjoy my visit there one bit for one of us had to hold baby every minute to keep her out of mischief. There was not even an empty spool offered her to play with."

So said a young mother to me a while ago, and it is a fairly good text for the preachment of some notions as to a duty owed to even "other folk's babies." We know very well and have been amused sometimes at seeing how nervous people feel lest other folks' babies do damage to some of their possessions. Our little folks are very unfortunate in always doing their worst when they are most unwelcome, as most mothers can confess, and to mothers I confess I do not care to work harder to get a visit than I do at home. It is a good plan to take along a few favorite toys and a picture book when going where there are no children, then let baby find them for itself in the hand bag and it is tolerably sure to enjoy them and be content. There is one caution in place, right here. If baby is not allowed to touch every thing in the home parlor it will not want to do so away from home, and every mother can provide her child with some half dozen light toys or a picture book as its "go visiting toys," just as it keeps a special dress or apron for state occasions.

Now the other side of the case. It is a small matter and as "more is wrought from want of thought as well as want of heart," a suggestion may be acceptable. In every well regulated house there should be a box or basket into which the housekeeper may toss picture almanacs, a stump of a lead pencil, some large empty spools not on a string, but a ball of string with them, an empty spool box and a few large odd buttons, bits of bright calico or silk and a split clothes pin or two, or, if she feels generous, half a dozen good clothes pins, some advertizing cards and an empty salt bag or even a paper bag or two. Then if a child comes in, the whole lot can be set out without a pang, to be used and abused at will; all clean things easily gathered up and tucked away for the next time and not any the worse if finger marked or broken or torn for the diversion of the next child. If time admits, the clothes pins may be dressed in the calico scraps and make cunning dollies for baby girls. Once a basket is set apart for such a purpose many odds and ends will find their way into it. If you actually have nothing to give a child to amuse it an hour, it is worth a moment's consideration, and a dozen corn cobs will do to begin with right away. A raisin box makes a good stool for a child. If a bit of carpet is neatly tacked over it, it adds to its appearance and comfort, or if it has a lid fitted over all the edges it may be used as a place of deposit for the aforesaid traps as well as for a stool.

How I have always longed to build a house in which one lower room could be set apart for the children where they could have a long low table, for odd papers, and pencils and slates and books, and knives and tools of all sorts in table drawers that should pull out on one side for boys the other side for girls, a drawer for each child and in it all their trash. Shelves around the walls for collections of things children admire and cull from the family refuse, comfortable low chairs and lounges and cushions and places for pet cats and dogs too. I should enjoy it as much as the little folks but cannot realize it as the actual necessities of life come first: and the little folks find room somewhere and grow up and push out into the great world to their life work. We so hope they may never find any place where they can say greater enjoyment is found than at home with their childish plays, best fellow nearest to mamma's chair.—*Household.*

GINGERBREAD LOAF.—Put a pound of whole wheat meal (finely ground) into a bowl with half a pound of fine oatmeal; add half a pint of treacle and half a pound of brown sugar, an ounce each of ground ginger and caraway seeds, four ounces of candied peel thinly shred, and six ounces of butter rubbed in finely. Mix together half a pint of milk, one egg, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, thoroughly blend the whole, and bake in a well-buttered tin, in a slow-oven, until a skewer comes out of the centre quite clean.

PUZZLES—No. 10.

The first letters of the name of each object form the name of a Scottish City.

WHAT ARE WE?

Great numbers do our use despise,
But yet at last they find
Without our help, in many things,
They might as well be blind.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

Behead the words whose definitions are given in the first column to make those given in the second. The initials of the words in the second column, read down, will give the name of a celebrated author who died January 1, 1835.

FIRST.	SECOND.
1. A sullen look.	1. A hood.
2. A map.	2. An animal.
3. Stories.	3. Liquors.
4. A kind of meat.	4. Mature.
5. Smooth.	5. A vegetable.
6. To relax.	6. To send out.
7. On one side.	7. Lateral.
8. To urge.	8. To guide.
9. An animal.	9. Competent.
10. To strike.	10. An atom.
11. Complies with.	11. Turkish governors.

The words of each line are of the same length.

A REVERSAL.

When two witty sayings are combined
We have a bird of the sparrow kind,
Its native home in Brazil is found,
Where it builds its nest within the ground.
But should this bird just "right about face,"
Its head and tail exchanging place,
No bird-like music will then be heard,
For a transformation has occurred;
Instead, a drum with its horrid din,
Which in Eastern lands has long used been,
Drowning the cries of sorrow and woe,
Of whose depths we here but little know.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. From an air vessel take the whole amount and leave a favor.
2. From a river in France take a preposition and leave a diocese.
3. From refined take kindled and leave a poet.
4. From a connective tissue, take sport and leave soft scrapings of linen.
5. From a wicked person take indisposed and leave ineffectual.
6. From cleansing take a part of the leg and leave a droll fellow.
7. From malady take high waves, and leave to expire.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 9.

HIDDEN AMERICAN POETS.—Stedman, Thaxter, Longfellow, Whittier, Lanier, Larcom, Stoddard, Goodale, Holmes, Hunt, Saxe, Lowell, Carey, Poe, Hart, Emerson.

A NARRATIVE.—The alphabet, which commences the twenty-six words of the narrative.

LEAVINGS.—1. Butter-fly. 2. Dande-lion. 3. Mary-land. 4. Pump-kin. 5. Serge-ant. 6. Tartar.

ANAGRAM.—Christmas.

RIDDLE.—A plum.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

So far as we have heard from our young friends they prefer to have the answers to each set of puzzles in the number following. One boy says, "I would rather have but two weeks for the puzzles," and another writes, "I think two weeks is plenty of time to find out the puzzles if we try at all."

Are there not some more original puzzles lurking among the private papers of our young people waiting to be sent. We think there must be, and a great many too. Why not send them along at once?

Correct answers have been received from Olive Ferguson, George O. Fisher, Laura Anonymous, and W. Schurman.

Address all letters concerning Puzzles to
Editor "Puzzles," *Northern Messenger.*
JOHN DOUGALL & SON
Montreal.

The Family Circle.

A CHILD OF GOD.

What is it ringing in my ear
When doubts and fears assail?
"My child! My child! dost thou not hear,
When did I ever fail?

"Have I not given thee strength to bear?
Courage to wait for Me?
Have I not answered every prayer
Poured out in faith by thee?

"Have I not turned thy faltering feet
From dark ways into light?
Have I not made thy trials sweet
Bright day from clouded night?

"Have I not filled thine awe-struck heart
With wonder at My love?
Have I not promised thee a part
With me—in Heaven above?

"No grief too small for Me to hear,
No pain I do not see—
My child! My child! Why wilt thou fear?
Thy Father loveth thee."

Ring on! Ring on! O blissful words!
Transcendent in your power—
"A child of God!"—Be ye still heard,
Unto my life's last hour.

—*Churchman.*

A WORD PICTURE.

BY MRS. J. K. BARNEY.

I should like to sketch for you the scene. I wish I was able to place bits of the story on canvas; but failing that, I will try my hand at a word-picture.

Let me see; it shall be divided. Scene 1, with five figures. How shall I introduce them? Look! Figure 1: A large, burly young fellow, muscular and pugilistic in appearance, coarsely dressed, leans against an old building. Figure 2: A man perhaps sixty, blear-eyed, pinched and haggard face, trembling limbs, dilapidated hat, tattered garments, and a "gone-to-pieces" look everyway. There was evidently a row.

"Now you get out o' here double-quick, you miserable, drunken, sneakin' thing, or I'll thrash you! Am half a mind to do it now. The idea of your beggin' lunch from that chit of a young 'un! Bet you took it away from him; and if you did, I will break every bone in your old carcass."

The 3rd figure—and such a figure! A mite of a boy, unwashed, scantily dressed, hair all lengths, his age difficult to calculate, with such a deformed body and wizened face.

"No, I give it to 'm. Let him 'lone, Bill; he hain't hurt nothin'."

"And you — you — — " and the great fellow seized the misshapen atom and held him out at arm's length.

"Don't, Bill! Come, now, let the young 'un alone," and the half-drunken figure came up straight and reached out one hand with an imploring gesture.

"What you got to say 'bout it any way? What is't to you what I do?" and the other hand fell with weight upon the shoulder of the man; and as he dragged him forward, he made as though he would thump the two forms together.

Just then, "in the nick of time," the 4th figure arrived, from where she only knew, and her voice and words: "Friends, O friends, what's the matter?" caused a quick cessation of hostilities, and three quizzical faces looked into the motherly one bent on them, while a gloved hand was laid on the young fellow's arm. She looked pleasantly from one to the other.

"Guess it was only fun, but somehow I was afraid there was trouble;" and then with a smile to the burly fellow: "But you wouldn't hurt this sick man or the poor child!"

"Sick! he's drunk, and a thief too, I half b'lieve."

A flush spread over the poor, old face, giving a hint of the better days, away back in the past, and he pulled together his coat and pushed up his hat, as though to add to his respectability.

The child spoke up: "Him and me was a' eatin', and Bill some'ow was mad."

"Oh, well, never mind; it is all over now. It is Sunday afternoon, and none of us in a hurry. Could you give me a seat, and let us have a little talk?" looking around rather dubiously. "If you could manage it, for I have had quite a long walk, and am tired."

All of them sprang to her help, and a long, rough log outside the shed was quickly rolled in.

"Now that will do first-rate for you three, if you can give me a place in front, where I can look into your faces."

The faces were a study. They had evidently lost sight of their differences, in the wonder and interest evoked by their visitor. A foot log was set up on end, and the child said, "Can't ye put yer jacket on it, Bill, for the lady?"

"Now hear him, the monkey is settin' up for a gint'aman;" but while saying it, he spread the jacket and stepped back.

"There, now, that is splendid, thank you. Now let us all sit down, and as you are wondering who I am, you ask me some questions first, and then I shall feel free to ask you some."

The young fellow grinned and looked foolish; the older man put on a look which was meant to be superior to curiosity; but the boy said eagerly:—

"Where did you come from?"

"From the almshouse," was the reply.

"And be ye kind o' perlice?"

"Yes, that's what I am, a kind of police."

The interest increased.

"And what do you have to 'tend to mostly?" half sneered the young man.

"Whatever my Chief sets me about, He is very particular in giving orders, and I mean to be very faithful in obeying."

"Be the orders all easy, *marm?*"

"No, not all."

"'Spose you cut sometimes when he ain't round an' there ain't anybody to tell?"

The lady's eyes filled, and it was her turn to flush. Her audience almost chuckled, as she said slowly with a tremor in her voice, "I'm afraid, friends, I have done just that sometimes; but I am more sorry than I can tell you; and if he will help me, I will never do it again."

"Help you, marm? Reckon he'd help you fast 'nuf if he caught you shirkin'."

"No," she said quietly, "he would only look grieved, and that would break my heart."

"That's o'us you're a woman. If 'twas a man, he'd knock him out quick 'nuf."

"Oh, no, not my Chief. Let me tell you, and you can see. A long, long time ago, some men worked for him, and he had given them a better chance than many had to know him—took them round with him, trusted them, and promised them a splendid place when they got through service; then when one time some bad folks fell upon the Chief and treated him dreadfully, so it was evident they meant to kill him, what did those men do, whom he had called 'friends?' 'They all forsook him and fled.'"

"The wretches!" said the young man, with a fist doubled up and pounding down upon the log. "I hope he got away and licked every one of them."

The boy was listening with eyes, ears and open-mouthed wonder. A glance at the old man showed that he had dropped his eyes, and there was coming a dignity hitherto unseen in his face.

"Tell some more," said the child.

"I cannot tell you all now; but there was one man who pretended to love him more than all the rest; he just swore he never worked under the Chief, and so got off; but just as he was sneaking away, he caught a look from the face of his Chief, which seemed to say that what he had done was harder to bear than all his enemies were doing. Do you wonder that he felt so bad that, strong man though he was, he just cried as hard as ever he could?"

"Cried?" said the young fellow; "why didn't he pitch right in and clean 'em out?"

"Oh, he could not do that; there were so many of them."

"Did he get off? Tell us that, marm, tell quick!"

"Well, I'll not tell you just now how awfully they used him, or how he got away at last, but after some time he was clear of them, and one of the first things he did, was to send a kind word to the man I told you about."

"Did he take him back?"

"Yes, and promoted him."

"You don't mean it, *marm?* 'Twan't likely he'd do that, and I can't swallow it nohow."

"You think that is wonderful. I can tell you something quite beyond that;" and then came the story of Calvary, told as simply as possible.

The 5th Character had been on the scene all the time, but only the spirit-eyes of the narrator beheld Him. The old man drew his coat sleeve across his eyes, and his hat had slipped down, shielding his face.

"Oh, my! oh, dear?" the child ejaculated, and the great brawny fellow had moved nearer the lady, until, in his self-forgetfulness, he actually knelt at her feet. After a little, the old man dropped his face into his hands, and more than once groaned aloud.

"Now, my dear friends, this is my Chief, and His name is the Lord Jesus Christ; and He sent me to you to-day to see if you did not want to work for Him, He has had His eyes upon you, and He wants you."

"Wants us! Well, that is a little too steep, you know."

Then came the pleading, and with it the tears fell.

"Don't do that; 'tain't nothin' to you; you've done your part and no shirkin' this time, nuther. 'Tis pooty, but not likely He'd care for me; I ain't His sort anyhow."

The elder man straightened up, and reaching out his hand to Bill, he said, "'Tis true, every word of it. I used to know Him, worked for Him once, and He's tried to look after me time and time again. Oh! oh!" And the man fairly wrung his hands.

"Do as tother man did," said the child; "go back and git taken up agin."

"Oh, I wish I could! I do wish I could."

Then another was on her knees, and the sweet words of prayer were going up to God. The young man and child had never heard a prayer before, but they seemed to understand that the 5th Figure was somewhere, and they both looked up and then around them. The old man and child had clasped hands, and the big fellow had his hands on both, as when the scene opened, but with such a changed expression and mien.

The hour was over, and the lady must go. Rising, she drew a promise from each, took their names, and promised to send reading and helps. She had taken off her glove, and no one of that little company will ever forget the hand-clasp, as she thanked them for the rest they had given her, and begged them to meet her in heaven.

Showing them the little "white ribbon," she told of the prayers going up all over the country for the tempted and tried, and then standing before them, again committed them to the care of Him who is "not willing that any should perish."

Scene II. To be given at the last great day. We shall all be there!—*Zion's Herald.*

AFRAID OF A SHADOW.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

We were spending Sunday in Torquay, the pretty Devonshire port which stretches so gracefully along the curves of Tor Bay. We found ourselves in a comfortable and substantial house of worship, filled with a quiet and orderly congregation. The regular minister was absent, and in his place officiated a young Scotch clergyman, who gave us one of the most delightful sermons I ever heard preached in a foreign land. His manner was simplicity itself; but he had a vivid and dramatic way of putting things that made each listener feel as if he was singling him out and addressing himself specially to him. His text was the twenty-third Psalm, of which he gave a fine running commentary. When he came to the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," he abruptly paused and said, "I am a Scotchman; let me tell you a little incident that occurred not long ago in the Scottish parish where I was laboring." He leaned from the pulpit and, with the sweetest of Scotch accents began, in a low, tender voice:

"I was sitting in my study one Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who tended their flocks upon the slopes of our Highland hills was dying, and wanted to see the minister. Without loss of time I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little cottage. When I entered the low room I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent he was near his end.

"'Jean,' he said to his wife, 'gie the minister a stool and leave us for a bit, for I wad see the minister alane.'

"As soon as the door had closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I had ever looked into and said, in a voice shaken with emotion, 'Minister, I'm dying, and—and—I'm afraid!'

"I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's Word furnishes us; but in the midst of them he stopped me—

"'I ken them a',' he said mournfully. 'I ken them a'; but somehow they dinna gie me comfort.'

"'Do you not believe them?'

"'Wi' a' my heart!' he replied earnestly.

"'Where, then, is there any room for fear, with such a saving faith?'

"'For a' that, Minister, I'm afraid—I'm afraid!'

"I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed and turned to the psalm which I have read to you to-day. 'You remember the twenty-third Psalm?' I began.

"'Remember it?' he said vehemently. "I kenned it lang afore ye were born; ye need na' read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside.'

"'But there is one verse which you have not taken in.'

"He turned upon me with a half reproachful and even stern look. 'Did I na' tell ye I kenned it every word lang afore ye were born?'

"I slowly repeated the verse, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'

"'You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?'

"'Frighten me?' he said quickly, 'Na; na! Davie Donaldson has Covenanter's bluid in his veins; neither shadow nor substance could weel frighten him.'

"'But did these shadows never make you believe that you would not see the sun again,—that it was gone forever?'

"'Na na, I couldna be sic a simpleton as that.'

"'Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now.' He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"'Yes,' I continued, 'the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind it; but it's only a shadow; remember, that's what the Psalmist calls it; a shadow that will pass, and when it has passed, before you will be the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory.'

"The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few minutes maintained an unbroken silence; then, letting them fall straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself, 'Aweel, aweel! I hae conned that verse a thousand times amang the heather, and I never understood it so afore—afraid of a shadow! afraid of a shadow!' Then, turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exclaimed, lifting his hands reverently to heaven, 'Aye, aye, I see it a' now! Death is only a shadow—a shadow with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm a'raid nae mair!'"

It is not possible that any words of mine should have power to reproduce to the eye or mind of the reader the tone, the attitude and the vivid rendering of this little incident. But as the people wended their way home that Sunday through the streets of Torquay, not a few, I am sure, repeated to themselves the words of the old shepherd, and gathered comfort therefrom: "Na, na, I'm afraid nae mair!"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

If within thy narrow border
Many bitter herbs are set,
Duly trained and kept in order
They may recompense thee yet:
Use the bitter and the sweet
As thy medicine and thy meat.
—"*The Dove on the Cross.*"

FEMALE MEDICAL AID FOR BURMAH.

In February, 1886, writes a London Paper, when the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India, and the Countess of Dufferin visited Burmah, her Ladyship received at Rangoon the committee and active supporters of a society formed under the presidency of Sir Charles Bernard, then Chief Commissioner, to establish in that province a branch of the National Association for providing female medical aid to the women of India. A public meeting was held in the Rangoon Townhall on April 14th in that year; grants of money were promised by the Government of Burmah and the municipality of Rangoon; a large bungalow was rented on lease for a hospital, and Dr. Maria Douglass, M. D., was appointed Resident Medical officer and Superintendent, with Surgeon-Major O. Baker, Dr. D'Souza, and Dr. T. F. Pedley, as visiting medical officer, and Brigade Surgeon H. Griffith as consulting medical officer. The instruction of Burmese native women in nursing is an essential part of this institution, and classes for that purpose have been formed by Dr. Maria Douglass, whose portrait, with those of her first pupils, we very willingly present to our readers, having received the first report of the Rangoon Association from Dr. Pedley, the honorary secretary, who is also the Medical Officer of Health at Rangoon. Its president is now Mr. C. H. T. Crosthwaite, who has succeeded Sir Charles Bernard as Chief Commissioner of Burmah; the Bishop of Rangoon, Mrs. Spearman, and Mr. F. A. Gillam, are on the managing committee; and subscriptions, private donations, and grants from local municipalities, contribute to the funds of the institution. The late Lady Brassey, when she and Lord Brassey, in the yacht "Sunbeam," visited Rangoon, in March, 1887, took much interest in this undertaking, and presented a set of anatomical charts and diagrams to serve in teaching the native pupils. Since the hospital was opened, in April last year, 142 patients were treated, to November 30th, and there were only five deaths. Eighteen students are being trained, and books for their learning are translated into the Burmese language.

MRS. MARIA C. DOUGLASS M.D., AND THE FIRST CLASS OF PUPIL NURSES IN BURMAH.

LIVING MONARCHS.

A LIST OF THE CROWNED HEADS NOW RULING IN EUROPE.

Queen Victoria now holds a place among the oldest sovereigns of Europe. In May of this year she will be 70 years of age. She has been on the throne for half a century. She enjoys good health, and bids fair to live and reign for many years yet. If she attains the age of her grandfather, George III., she will wield the sceptre (barring accidents) up to the year 1901. If at that time her son, the Prince of Wales, becomes King, he will have reached the ripe age of 60 years.

The new German Emperor Frederick is 57 years of age, and his Empress, the daughter of Queen Victoria, is 49. Judging from photographs, he does not closely resemble his departed father in the face, but she looks very much like her mother. If Frederick should live to be as old as his father, and perhaps he may, he will wear his crown (barring accidents) up to the year 1922. His ailments dim his prospects but the Scotch Dr. Mackenzie may banish them.

The King of the Belgians, Leopold II., is 53 years old, and if he should reign till he reaches the age at which his father died he will be king up to the year 1910. He has been on the throne nearly twenty-three years.

The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is 58 years old, and he has worn the imperial crown for forty years. His predecessor was his uncle, who abdicated the throne in his favor when but 55 years of age, because he was tired of the turmoil and trouble. Francis Joseph is a polished scholar, a linguist, an equestrian, an admirer of military pomp, and a charmer. He is healthy, and bids fair to reign for a long time yet.

The King of Italy, Humbert I., is 44 years old, and has worn the crown since the death of his father, ten years ago. He is but the second of the Kings of United Italy and his throne is in the eternal city of Rome.

The Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., is 43 years old, and mounted the throne after the murder of his father, seven years ago.

The King of Denmark, Christian IX., is 70 years of age, or a year older than Queen Victoria, and is the second oldest monarch in Europe. He has wielded the sceptre for a quarter of a century, or just half as long as the British Queen. One of his daughters is the wife of the Russian Czar; another of them is wife of the heir apparent to the British crown, and his second son is King of Greece.

The King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., is in his sixtieth year, and has reigned for sixteen years. He has favored some reforms.

The King of Portugal, Louis I., is 50 years old, and is a man of enterprise and progress. He has been for twenty-seven years a King.

The power and authority of the King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., who is not yet two years old, is limited by the regency of his mother. He never saw his royal sire.

The King of Greece, or King of the Hellenes, Georgios I., is 43 years of age, and has been King for a quarter of a century, or since he was 18, at which age he was elected to the Hellenic throne. He finds it a hard job to rule the modern Greeks or keep their favor.

The sovereign or Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., is 46 years old, and succeeded to the throne twelve years ago, when the majesty who preceded him was deposed. He is the twenty-eighth Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.

The King of the Netherlands, William III., is the oldest monarch in Europe, being now of the age of 71, and entered upon the fortieth year of his reign on St. Patrick's Day, though he is a scion of the royal house of Orange.

The King of Roumania, Carol I., is 49 years of age, and was proclaimed King only seven years ago, but before that time he had been for fourteen years the Domnul of his subjects.

The King of Servia, Milan I., is 34, and was crowned only six years ago, but before that he had held the throne for fourteen years by election as Prince Milan Obrenovic IV. He is the fourth of his dynasty since Servia threw off the Turkish yoke in 1829. His predecessor was assassinated.

The reigning Prince of Montenegro is Nicholas I., who is 47 years old, and has reigned for twenty-eight years.

In Germany there are three Kings and a Grand Duke besides the Emperor of Germany: The King of Bavaria, the King of Wurtemburg, the King of Saxony, and the reigning Grand Duke of Baden.

There are in Europe two kingless countries—France and Switzerland.

The President of the French republic, M. Carnot, is 51 years of age, and was elected to office in December last. He is a graduate of the Polytechnic School in Paris, and held various offices before his election as President. There are over 38,000,000 people in the French republic.

In the republic of Switzerland, the highest official of the Government is the President of the Federal Council, who is elected by Federal Assembly, holds office for the term of one year, and enjoys a salary of $3,000 per annum. The President for the present year is Mr. W. F. Hertenstein. A President is not eligible to re-election until a year after the end of his term of office.—*Ex.*

REAL AND FALSE MODESTY.

It would be well, says the *Woman's Journal*, if young women were taught early in life that there is a false shame and affectation of modesty as unlovely as forwardness, and which repels as effectively as brazenness. To be on the *qui vive* for innuendoes, to have a smart faculty for extracting the bitters of evils from any good, is all wrong and all immodest. To see harm where harm was not intended is immodest. A blush is something sacred to pure womanhood, and it is a sad spectacle for thoughtful eyes to note a young woman so far gone in the improprieties that she pretends to be shocked at things which simple, unaffected candor is far from thinking on at all. There are otherwise modest and virtuous young ladies who manage to convey, by subtle insinuations, that they are deeply conscious of scenes which a really modest woman would ignore. It is true indeed, as a great writer has said, that a modest woman must be at times both deaf and blind. Disagreeable happenings, offensive to eyes and ears, are at times incidental to almost every one's life. The most sheltered young lady cannot be entirely protected. She may find herself in places where profane language reaches her ears, where objectionable sights greet her eyes. It is then the time for her modesty to take on an armor of dignity; it is the time for her to be both deaf and blind.

There are many things in life that young women ought to know of, and which, if they did know, they would regard as great, solemn truths, *too* sacred to be giggled over and simpered at; which are not proper subjects for conversation, but which none the less exist, and should be well comprehended. For a young woman—or a young man, either—there is no safety in ignorance. The mother assumes unwarranted responsibility who leaves her innocent growing girls and boys to be educated in the mysteries of life by unthinking outsiders. Constant rubbing cannot wear off the delicate hue of the sea-shell, nor can the real purity of mind, the real modesty of refined womanhood, be more easily worn away. Mock modesty is twin-sister to that cancer-hearted virtue which consists in not being found out. Persons who affect it are social "suspects." Beware of it, young woman, because it deceives no one, and because if you do not, young men who are in search of lovely wives will beware of you.—*Presbyterian Review.*

BAD HABITS.

Grandma found the following in her scrap-book the other day. It is very true, dears, and applies to girls as well as to boys.

Bad habits are little foxes that creep slyly in and spoil the vines of human lives. You know, Jesus said "I am the vine, ye are the branches" and all little children who love Jesus belong to him as the branches belong to a vine. Grandma hopes you will glorify him by bearing good fruit. Patience, love, goodness, gentleness, truth, peace, faith—are some of the fruits that blossom in young hearts. So be careful to keep out the little foxes that would so surely destroy them.

There's an Afghan adage that wittily shows
One can't tamper with evil purely;
'If you live with the blacksmith,' the proverb goes,
"You will burn your clothes, most surely."

Remember, my lad, that a snake's a snake,
Though its skin be of brilliant beauty,
And never let fair appearance make
You swerve from the path of duty.

The tiger, they say, seems, crouching, a cat;
But, oh, how terrible, leaping!
The sin you to-day are laughing at,
To-morrow will cause you weeping.

The best way to turn from a course that's bad
Is not at first to pursue it;
Unless you adopt this plan, my lad,
In sorrow and shame you'll rue it.
—*Ex.*

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY MRS. JENNIE BIXBY JOHNSON.

(Dr. and Mrs. Johnson sailed for their field of missionary labor, Toungoo, Burmah, Oct. 14, 1886.)

Thirty years ago, a missionary embarked upon a sailing-vessel at a Burman port, with his rapidly sinking wife, and carrying a baby in his arms, hoping to reach America in time to save the precious life. Of the terrible suffering of that six months' voyage, of the paucity of provision, the brutality of the captain, and wickedness of the crew, I need not speak. The father had taken with him a cow to supply nourishment for his child; and the crew tortured the animal, and rendered it useless, and the captain killed it for food, making no recompense. The father had with him some rice and sugar, and upon this he fed his wee child. The mother grew weaker until she was unable to leave her bed; and the father walked the cabin day and night with his suffering, half-starved infant, until it seemed to him that all three would die together. In the darkest hour the mother smiled, and said, "I shall die, but little Jennie will live to be a solace to her father when I am gone."

Oh, the matchless love and unwearied care of that father! Nothing but an iron will and an unsurpassed affection could have upheld him through those woful months.

At last the port of New York was gained. Yellow-fever was there; and although this mother was the only case of illness on board, the vessel was quarantined. What well-nigh torture did that father endure then, as he saw drifting past them the bedding and clothing from infected ships, and heard the moan of his dying wife, and the wail of his emaciated child! The end was not there. They escaped that prison-house, they gained the beautiful calm of a Vermont home; and there, after a few quiet days, the loved wife passed to the better land with the last words, "Joy, joy, joy!"

The stricken husband sat by the bedside of his departed wife, holding in his arms the baby now struggling back to life. God sent a noble, tender woman there, who took from his arms the frail child, weeping tears of sympathy, and striving to bind up the broken heart,—God-given mission, which she afterward accepted for life; and to her loving heart and wise training, little Jennie bears tenderest acknowledgment. This God-given mother, refusing to part with her child, took her again to Burmah. She led the little one to give herself to Jesus before she was seven years old. The father and mother both taught her the joy of early service for Jesus, and that the little life so miraculously preserved must be wholly consecrated to carrying on the work the mother laid down. Do you wonder that I grew up with an intense love for missions? Is it strange that the words sung at my parent's farewell service should re-echo in my soul?—

"The vows of God are on me;
And I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up account. . . .
I only pray, God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife."

I learned the Burman language almost before my parents were aware; and then they led me to teach, and sing, and pray with souls, until I felt myself already a missionary.

At twelve years of age I came to America to spend some years in study. Then came a second struggle for health. Few believed I should be strong enough to enter upon active service. But in my soul the conviction has never wavered: God would not have so wonderfully preserved my life when an infant, if he had not a great purpose for me. "Little Jennie will live" to take up her mother's unfinished work. I have lived, and lived, as I believe, for Burmah.

The one who became my friend in early youth, gave himself to that work; and we studied and hoped for that as our life-work.

In 1881 we were examined in Boston by the physician; and he said, "Wait five years, and see if your health is more fully established." The five years are gone, and I have steadily gained in health.

The last two years, we have labored in the school for colored youth at Tullehassee, Indian Territory, where we have endured things which those who know say are more trying than they experienced in Burmah. We have had fifty-six boys and girls to educate, and to care for as a family. The toil and anxiety has been incessant. It is an industrial school. Dr. Johnson has been superintendent, managing the complicated finances, purchasing necessaries, running the large farm, training the boys, giving medical attendance, doing the work of a pastor, and some teaching.

I have taught from five-and-a-half to six-and-a-half hours daily, and, the larger part of the two years, had charge of the housekeeping. I have also given ten or twelve music-lessons weekly, and have endeavored to give personal oversight to the boys, as Mrs. Wooster has specially given to the girls. I have been upon my feet from early morning until late at night. I have not left the premises but once, for months. A person who comes here to labor must have strong physical endurance. I have endured, and I am stronger now than I have been for fifteen years. It seems as much to us a God-given endurance as a God-given life in the beginning.

God has greatly blessed us here. Of our fifty-six scholars, thirty-six have been hopefully converted in these two years. Six were professors, making forty-two Christians.

I love the work here, but I feel that the greater call for me is to the Burman mission. I learned the language as a child, and could read and write it. I have some of the spelling-book at my tongue's end now, and can understand readily when missionaries speak it. I think, after being there two months, I can talk freely.

I love Toungoo, my beautiful childhood's home, where my brother Willie lies side by side with some native Christians with whom I was baptized.

I know Mr. Bunker, at Toungoo, is calling for an associate; and I deeply love his work, embracing those mountain tribes, some of whom were first visited by my father. But I have felt more called to the Burman work, whether it be at Toungoo, or in the newly opened fields of Upper Burmah.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

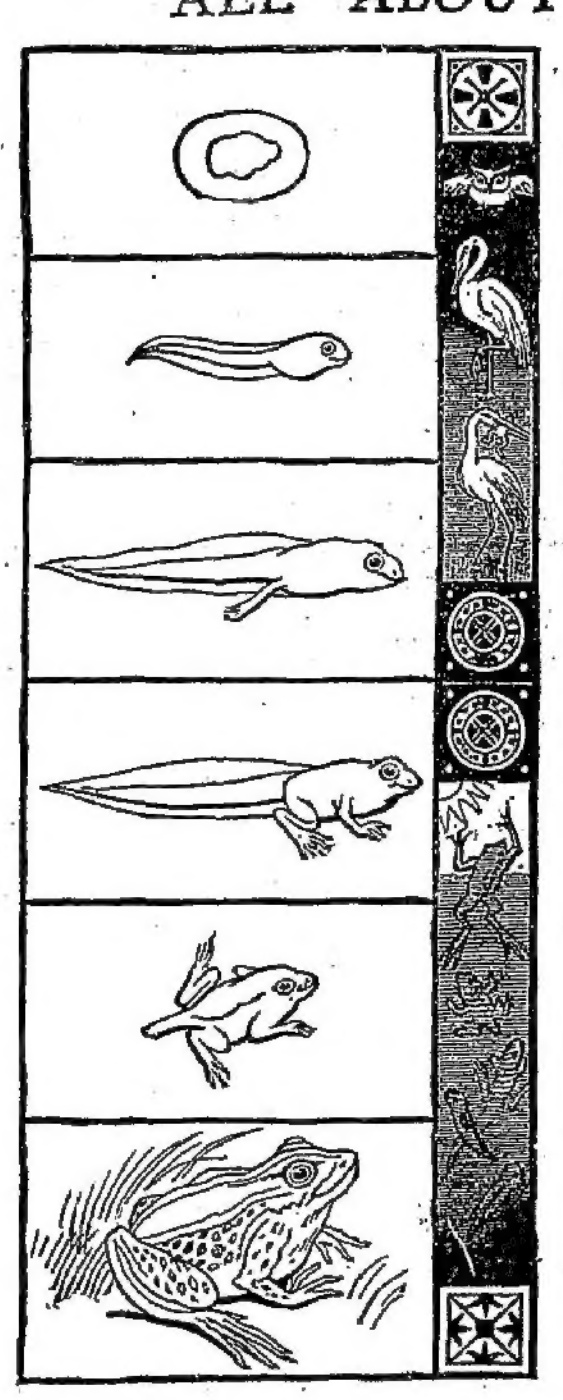
CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The greater part of the wool for these exquisite fabrics, and we refer to the true cashmere shawls, is supplied not only from the Cashmere Valley, but from Thibet and Tartary—the cashmere goat being distributed over certain portions of Central Asia. The city of Cashmere itself contains a large population, the fertility of the valley, in addition to its chief manufacture, contributing to its prosperity. It is only the summer wool that is used, and this is bleached by a preparation of rice flour. On plain shawls the weaving is effected by a long, heavy, and narrow shuttle, but this is superseded by wooden needles when the more ordinary variegated shawls are to be made. For each colored thread a different needle is used. So slow is the process when the design is elaborate, that the completion of a square inch will occupy three persons for a day, and a shawl of remarkable beauty would take this number a year for its execution; but a number are engaged on the same shawl, according to the speed required. Singularly enough, it is only the inner side of the shawl that is exposed to the view of the workman, he being guided by the design placed before him and the directions of a skilled supervisor of the work. The thread is previously spun and dyed by women. The shawl worked with the needle is, however, far inferior to that in which the pattern is woven in.

As soon as a shawl is made, notice is given to an official inspector. It is then stamped at the Custom House, when a price is put upon it, and on this a demand of twenty-five percent is made. Sulphur fumes are employed to give the shawls the beautiful yellow color so much in request in the East. Over an aperture in the door of a room carefully closed from the external atmosphere is placed a high, square case of fine poplar-wood, upon which the shawls requiring to be tinted are suspended, and a charcoal fire being lighted beneath the floor, a small amount of powdered sulphur is sprinkled on it. The next day the shawls are washed and dried, and then laid one over the other and subjected to pressure. The dyes used are not simply those of India; Africa and Persia supplying not a few of the colors.

The production of cashmere looms includes small shawls of a colored ground with an extremely fine border; also a light and beautiful fabric, much resembling Nankin gloves and sacks, are manufactured from shawlwool; also a red silk cloth for ladies. The value of the cashmere shawls exported last year from Umritsur to Europe amounted to the sum of $1,185,000.

ALL ABOUT A FROG.



THIS is an egg:
Watch it, I beg.

Out of this egg—
(No arm or leg)—
Comes this strange thing. [spring,
The legs now

Both front and rear.
Now this is queer,

The tail plays flop,
And goes off pop!

And soon it hops about the bog,
A happy, timid, little frog.

HERR KRUPP AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

The following anecdote is told in connection with the late Emperor William of Germany's visit to the works at Essen. The Emperor displayed great interest in the working of the steam hammer, and Herr Krupp took the opportunity of speaking in high praise of the workman who had special charge of it. "Ackermann has a sure eye," he said, "and can stop the falling hammer at any moment. A hand might be placed on the anvil without fear, and he would stop the hammer within a hair's breadth of it." "Let us try it," said the Emperor, "but not with a human hand—try my watch," and he laid it, a splendid specimen of work richly set with brilliants, on the anvil. Down came the immense mass of steel, and Ackermann, with his hand on the lever, stopped it just the sixth of an inch from the watch. When he went to hand it back, the Emperor replied, kindly, "No, Ackermann, keep the watch in memory of an interesting moment." The workman, embarrassed, stood with out-stretched hand, not knowing what to do. Krupp came forward and took the watch, saying, "I'll keep it for you if you are afraid to take it from his Majesty." A few minutes later they again passed the spot, and Krupp said, "Now you can take the Emperor's present from my hand," and handed Ackermann the watch wrapped up in a thousand-mark note.

HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE MADE.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand-presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on the little racks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put in between sheets of paste-board and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in half: each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting them by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. Next, they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled and stowed away for despatching to fulfil orders. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred stamps is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years, not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are handled and counted eleven times.—*Selected.*

TO HAVE what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.—*Donal Grant, by George Macdonald.*

WITHOUT FRICTION MATCHES.

Without friction matches—what did people do?
We call them necessities now: it is true
They are a great blessing, yet folks had a way
Of doing without them in grandmother's day.

The cooking stove, too, at that time was not known,
And many more comforts that people now own,
Had never been thought of; 'tis easy to see
How rugged without them our own way would be.

The huge open fire place was deep, and 'twas wide,
And grandfather often has told us with pride,
Of oxen he trained to drag over the floor,
The great heavy back-logs they burned there of yore.

The fire on the hearth 'twas an understood thing,
Must never die out from September to spring;
In live coals and ashes they buried from sight
The log to hold fire throughout the long night.

And this, in the morning, they opened with care,
To find brightest embers were glimmering there;
To make then a blaze, it was easy to do,
With wood, and a puff of the bellows, or two.

But sometimes in summer the fire would go out—
A flint and a steel must be then brought about,
A spark caught from them in the tinder near by,—
Beforehand prepared, and kept perfectly dry.

Once grandmother told me how tinder was made;
They took burning linen, or cotton, and laid
It down in the tinder-box—smothered it there—
A mass of scorched rags to be guarded with care.

And when they could find it they took from old trees,
Both touch-wood and punk, and made tinder of these,
By soaking in nitre: but of all these three—
Flint, tinder and steel—we shall very soon see,
Would not make a blaze: so they called to their aid,
Some matches, not "Lucifers," but the home made,

These matches were slivers of wood that were tipped
With sulphur: when melted, they in it were dipped;
The spark in the tinder would cause one to burn,
And that lit the candle—a very good turn—
For when it was lighted all trouble was o'er
And soon on the hearth, flames were dancing once more.

If damp was the tinder, or mislaid the flint,
They rubbed sticks together (a very hard stint)
Until they ignited: the more common way
Was borrowing fire, I've heard grandmother say.
Indeed it was nothing uncommon to do
To go for a fire-brand a half mile or two.

And so they worked on to the year '29,
The flint and the tinder they then could resign
And make a fire quickly if one should go out,
For Lucifer matches that year came about.

They treasured those matches I haven't a doubt
And never used one when they could do without.
To save them, they made and kept up on the shelf
A vase of lamplighters—quite pretty itself.

The flint and the tinder, the large open fires,
Have gone with the days of our grand-dames and sires
Those days full of hardships and trials shall bear,
In thoughts of their children an honorable share,
For their brave men and women so steadfast and strong,
So often remembered in story and song.

—*Sarah E. Howard, in Good Housekeeping.*

MR. CROWLEY, THE CENTRAL PARK CHIMPANZEE.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

Had the parents of Mr. Crowley been judicious, they never would have allowed him at the age of eight months to exchange the climate of Africa for that of New York. But as he came to us from the arms of a missionary living in Liberia, and not from those of his mother, it is not probable that his parents were consulted.

Transplanted monkeys unfortunately are liable to lung complaints, and Mr. Crowley, though escaping measles, chicken-pox, scarlet-fever, school, and some other things that trouble the children of this country, had an attack of pneumonia soon after landing—some three years ago—that nearly carried him off. Careful nursing took him through, but another attack this winter, from which he is just recovering, well nigh proved fatal.

That he lived through two severe sicknesses, in which he had the almost constant attendance of three physicians, proves that notwithstanding his tropical origin he must have had a wonderful good constitution from the first.

But we could not very well spare Mr. Crowley. For about three years now he has been as dear to New York as its Mayor—more, in fact, since in all that time there has been no talk nor thought of changing him. Hundreds have daily flocked to his receptions—not themselves to eat, as at other receptions, but to see him eat. Provided with a bib, a napkin, a knife, a fork, and a spoon, Mr. Crowley seats himself at table, when the hour comes for dinner, and eats like a Christian. Never does he put his knife into his mouth, and though that mouth is large enough to take in a potato whole, he cuts his food into small pieces. Of the quality of the food or of the manner of its cooking he makes no complaint—perhaps because the bulk of it is given to him raw. If unexpected visitors drop in, he does not say anything to make them suppose that the dinner before him is less good than the ordinary one. When compliments are paid to him—and many are—he does not get up on his hind-legs and "speak" in reply; he but makes a bow—a bow-wow in fact. So it will be seen that he is by no mean a "diner-out."

Instead of the coffee which some people take after dinner he takes cod-liver oil.

Since his first illness this has been given him regularly, and he has come to love it. It is a pity that children cannot similarly be brought to know how good it is. Mr. Crowley holds his spoon up for the oil when it is poured out, but slyly contrives to interpose his great tongue instead, letting many a spoonful of the delicacy slide down his greedy throat.

Mr. Crowley's trick is not to be commended. I am not holding him up as an example for imitation. Generally his table manners are good, but it does not follow that one would have children be chimpanzees.

Mr. Crowley's accomplishments are many. As a gymnast he is unequalled. His performances on the "parallel bars" would put any professional acrobat out of countenance. In "making faces" too he has boys and girls at a disadvantage, for his "faces" are ready-made; like the boys' whistlings, they "*do* themselves." As a climber, no one, be he sailor or squirrel, can hold a candle to him—could not get near enough to. Though clearly a wicked fellow at bird-nesting, if a lot of boys were going nutting it would be nice to have him of the party. With all these accomplishments, and no objection to showing them off, is it strange that a crowd is always found around Mr. Crowley's cage?

The hold which Mr. Crowley has secured by his sincere efforts for mental and moral improvement was shown by the interest taken in his illness. Intelligence as to his health was set forth on bulletin-boards with the latest advices concerning the health of the Crown Prince of Germany. If Mr. Crowley read the newspapers he could but have felt flattered at the frequent and always flattering mention made of him. But he does not read them. One day I gave him a newspaper fresh from the press, containing, too, an article I myself had written. He smelt of it for an instant; evidently not liking its odor, he then tore it into exceedingly small pieces, threw them upon the floor of his cage, and resumed his occupation of piling up saw-dust very carefully in the corner. His manner was that of one who would hint that he had no time to waste.

Besides being an excellent judge of literature, as just shown, Mr. Crowley is one of the most remarkable men—I beg his pardon, I meant to say monkeys—it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Even when no performance has been going on, when both he and his favorite swinging bars were inactive, I have stood spell-bound before his cage. To me he is like the ocean, sublime when at rest as well as when in motion. Occasionally, when tired of exercise, he will retire to a corner, and resting his chin upon his hand, sit with an abstracted air, gazing into vacancy: certainly he is thinking, and I would give more than a penny for his thoughts, for he never enfeebles the vigor of his thought by speech. Whatever his thought may be, he keeps it to himself. What masses of concentrated, undug knowledge, like that bottled sunshine which we find deep down in the earth and know as coal, must be hidden away under the hairy brawn of his breast! It would be something to know what he thinks of Dr McGlynn and the Pope, and Geography, and Grammar, and the Labor Question, and Spelling, and Bismarck's policy, and Vulgar Fractions, and the Mind Cure, and Volapuk, and other things that bother grown people and children. I'd ask him, were I not afraid that he would answer. It is not always well to provoke a silent man into speech. Deplorable results sometimes follow.

The negroes of Africa say that their fellow-natives, the monkeys, do not talk because they are afraid that if they did, the white men would set them to work. It may be that Mr. Crowley will in time come to understand that we do not want him to work—that we are content to have him play for us, and willing to maintain him in luxurious idleness, as we do our aldermen and other amusing curiosities. Perhaps he will then consent to talk, perhaps even consent to be an alderman.

Beyond doubt he would be companionable. As it is, there is an apparent frank good-nature about him that is very winning. When he puts an arm through the bars of his cage, and offers to shake hands with you, it is almost impossible to resist. But it is not wise to accept. A stranger took the offered hand one day, and the next moment was brought up against the bars with a bang that made his teeth rattle; had the bars been a trifle further apart, he would have gone through and into the cage like a "return ball," Mr. Crowley representing the rubber string. As well shake hands with the "walking-beam" of a steam-engine. To Mr. Crowley it was a huge joke, and he chattered, turned somersaults, and flung sawdust about him in great glee. With his keeper, however, he is on the best of terms, and shakes hands in all faith and friendship. The affection is apparently mutual. During the illness of which I have spoken, the keeper carried his patient—and Mr. Crowley was patient—in his arms as though the chimpanzee had been a sick child.

Nothing subdues an animal like sickness. In this respect chimpanzees differ from children, who in like case are apt to be frotful and cross. It was really affecting to see Mr. Crowley during his recent illness. He lay curled up in a corner of his cage, with a plaintive look on his face, making, beyond an occasional moan, no complaint. He refused to eat, but as he also refused to take medicines, it may be that he had ideas of his own as to what was best for sick monkeys. In his eyes was the look of one conscious that some great change threatened; interest in this world's affairs he apparently had none. There was no mischief in him, and Kitty—a young female chimpanzee occupying an adjoining cage—was untroubled by his tricks. But all this soon changed. One day he drank a little milk; the next he ate an egg. Very soon the resigned look went out of his face, and again he took to performing on the parallel bars. The persecution of poor Kitty was renewed, and he again fell into his wild and sometimes impish ways.

When the monkey was sick, the monkey a monk would be;
When the monkey got well, the monk was a chimpanzee.

Why this monkey of four years should treat the girl chimpanzees as he does I do not know, unless it is merely because he is—a young monkey. He sulked when she first was put near him, and ever since has refused to treat her with courtesy. When she wishes to play, he turns up his nose at her; when she would converse, he accuses her of chattering. And one of his greatest delights is to throw sawdust at her. Indeed, he could not treat her worse were he a boy of eight or ten years, instead of a chimpanzee of four, and she his little sister. Probably he will become more gallant as he grows older.—*Harper's Young People.*

HATES DRUNKARDS.

The drunkard-maker always hates his old and most reliable customers, and is proud of cursing them and kicking them out. How we should be surprised to hear a shoemaker slam the door against an old customer, and say; "You villanous old scamp, I have made boots and shoes for you and your family for twenty years, and have been paid for them, and here you are after more shoes! Get out, and don't let me see your face again." How funny it would look to see a tailor throwing an old schoolmate into a gutter, because, after getting his clothes there for over fifteen years, he wants to buy an overcoat. Or a minister assaulting an old stand-by because he has been twenty-five years a communicant and elder in the church, and therefore must be unfit company for anybody. Isn't it time for drunkards to be ashamed of the drunkard makers!—*Morning Star.*

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

TOM CRIMP.

BY I. E. DIEKENGA.

Mr. Crimp was a wiry, stoop-shouldered, ordinary-looking little man, with a dried-up, wrinkled face, and a thin brown beard. He was a poor man of no particular importance in the community. He was so insignificant that society even denied him the common privilege of being addressed as Mr., bluntly and unceremoniously calling him Tom Crimp. Strange as it may appear, Tom Crimp was a member of a rich and fashionable church. And why Tom Crimp remained in it, and why he had ever entered it at all, are questions quite as impossible to answer as why he loved it with such an unfaltering devotion, and was so wonderfully true in all his duties to it.

Now it happened one Sunday evening, as Tom Crimp stood in the doorway of the church, that he espied a black bundle upon the stone step that led to the pavement; and, curiosity drawing him nearer, he found it to be the figure of an old woman.

As Mr. Crimp observed her curiously, she beckoned to him with a bony hand.

"It must be a splendid church," she said. "Inside, I mean. How I should like to see it!"

"Why, that you may," exclaimed the little man with hearty kindness—"that you may."

But the old woman shook her head.

"No, no!" she said. "It's no place for me. Ah, me! how times have changed! You don't believe it, sir, perhaps, but I've seen better days."

"And will again, I hope," said Mr. Crimp.

"No, that can never be," muttered the old woman. "I'm seventy-two years old, and not long for this world. But fifty years ago I knew this church well, and it was smaller then. I was so happy in it."

"And there's no reason in the world, mother," said Tom Crimp cheerily, "why you should not be happy in it now. Come, go in with me."

"Not to-night, sir!" she said, rising hastily,—"not to-night."

"Next Sunday then," persisted Mr. Crimp.

"We'll see," she said,—"we'll see!"

"And I'll be here," continued he, "and we'll go in together." And then she said, "Good night," and left him.

On the following Sunday evening, true to his word, Tom Crimp stood waiting in the doorway. Out of the shadows beyond came a figure which his keen eyes quickly recognized. He would have led her to his own modest pew, but she shrank back into the farthest corner of the church. And Mr. Crimp was wise enough to respect her wishes, and left her undisturbed. But after the service, he stepped down beside her as she left the church, and, raising an umbrella over her head, said, "Mother, it's beginning to rain. Let me take you home."

"Don't put yourself to any trouble, sir," she answered, hurriedly. "I'm used to bad weather."

"But there's a storm a-coming," persisted Mr. Crimp; "and it won't do, you know." Not that Mr. Crimp meant to imply any criticism of the weather, but simply to express his conviction that it was not right to let her go home unprotected in the rain.

"You are too good to an old woman,' she replied. "Well—if you will—part way—and many thanks, sir."

At the corner of an alley, in an obscure quarter of the city, she stopped him.

"We must part here, sir," she said.

"Let me go with you to the door," said Mr. Crimp.

"No, no! It's not a good place for gentlemen; but nobody will hurt the old woman."

"Take my umbrella, mother."

"No, thank you kindly, sir; it's but a little way. Good night." And Mr. Crimp was left alone.

The acquaintance thus strangely begun was continued several months. He soon discovered that she made her livelihood—precarious, indeed, it seemed—by selling soap and matches. She had, or claimed to have, no living relatives—or friends, except Tom Crimp. She was old—very; no doubt as old as she had said. After a while he noticed that she was not only very old, but very weak, and growing feebler every day. One day,—well, he remembered it long afterward, for it was their last walk on earth together,—she leaned heavily upon his arm, and tremblingly exclaimed:

"Mr. Crimp, how good you are to this poor, friendless body! You are the only friend I have."

"Why, mother," he answered with tender heartiness; "surely there is another,—a better one than I!"

"I do not know him," murmured she,—"I do not know him."

"Ah, yes, you do!" he smilingly responded; then gently added, "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

She looked up quickly, with a sharp glance at his face, then let her eyes droop, and walked on, strangely silent, by his side. But when they reached their parting-place, she seized his hand with both of her own, and exclaimed, "Mr. Crimp—O Mr. Crimp! your voice is like an angel's. That Friend you speak of—I have forgotten him so long! But I will try to think of him,—I will, indeed, and perhaps he will not cast me quite away."

"Nay, never that," said Mr. Crimp, softly. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'

The tears of gratitude were in her eyes; but she only pressed his hand without another word, and then passed slowly out of sight.

On the next Sunday night she did not appear; and Tom Crimp, going home with heavy forebodings in his heart, was not surprised to find awaiting him a well-known physician, whose benevolent work among the poor had made him famous.

"Mr. Crimp, I believe?" said this gentleman, rising, as Tom Crimp entered.

"Yes, sir."

"Mother Shelton, the old lady whom you have befriended, was taken suddenly ill to-day—"

"Is she very sick?" cried Mr. Crimp.

"It is over," said the doctor: "she is dead."

After the first solemn hush which succeeded these words, the doctor drew Mr. Crimp aside, and showed him an iron box upon a table in the corner of the room.

"When she knew that she was about to die," said the doctor, "she gave into my keeping this iron box, which she charged me to deliver to you. She said all that this box contains she freely and gladly gave to you, because you have been so kind to her, and especially because of the last words you spoke together. She wanted me to tell you that she believed on and trusted the friend you spoke of,—what she meant I cannot say,—and that she died happy. Therefore, my dear sir, I now hand you the key to the box, in accordance with her last request."

With conflicting emotions, in which sorrow for her sudden and lonely death mingled with joy that she had found her better part before she died, Mr. Crimp thrust the key into the lock, and opened the iron box.

What was his astonishment to find it packed completely full with money!

"Mother Shelton's savings," explained the doctor. "I have long suspected that she was not as poor as she seemed to be. She has evidently been hoarding for years, and this money has slowly accumulated. She will not need it now."

"No," said Mr. Crimp earnestly. "She has a better fortune."

"A snug little sum for you, though," continued the doctor. "What will you do with it?"

Tom Crimp thought a moment. Then he answered:

"I know what I will do with it."

. . . . . .

On the corner of a block in a quiet and retired but withal beautiful part of the city, stands a large brick house. It has no architectural adornment, but it is very commodious, and looks extremely comfortable. Sunning themselves at the open windows or upon the broad stone steps, or leisurely strolling through the spacious grounds around the house, one may see on pleasant days certain superannuated people, of both sexes, who seem to have nothing further to do in this world but to take life easy and prepare for the next. Over the doorway is a broad white stone upon which are engraved these words:

HOME FOR THE AGED AND FRIENDLESS.
Founded by
THOMAS CRIMP
With the bequest of
SUSAN SHELTON.

And thus has honest Tom Crimp continued his kindness to the old and helpless. It must not be supposed that he was able to carry on this enterprise alone. But when the story had been told, and it was known that he intended to use his suddenly acquired wealth for this purpose, it was proposed that others should help him in his undertaking.

And the movement became at once immensely popular, especially in Tom Crimp's church, which, from having at first simply tolerated him, now began to honor him, and extol his virtues in manner that were both very pleasant and very embarrassing. And to this day there is no name in all its membership so honored and respected as homely, simple, plain Tom Crimp.—*S. S. Times.*

A CAUSE OF CRIME.

At a late Prison Association meeting in Saratoga, Warden Brush, of Sing Sing, said that one cause, greater than any other, that leads to prison, is disobedience in the family. Some time in life every one must learn to obey, and when I hear a child say a parent, "I won't," when told to do something, I see a candidate for prison. The governor of 1,500 convicts believes that the want of family government and subsequent disobedience of children is the most frequent cause of crime.

Question Corner.—No. 9.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

31. What man met his death hanging in a tree? and how came he to be in such a position?
32. What two men were sold for money?
33. What caused Paul and Barnabas to separate as they were starting on their second missionary journey?

WHAT THEY SAY.

A young girl from Ottawa, who is taking part in the Bible Competition which is to continue in the *Messenger* during this year, writes,

"When we come home from Sunday School we immediately set to work at the Questions. We want to thank you very heartily for giving the Bible competition, as in searching the Bible to answer the questions, we have learned more about what the Bible contains than in almost any other way, and if all the subscribers to the paper knew what real pleasure there is in looking for the answers, they would all enter the ranks of competitors."

This is but one note of the many we have received during the past few weeks, and we hope to receive many more.

All communications to this paper should be addressed.

Northern Messenger,
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

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